

Here's a "High-Water Mark."

The Actual Bona-Fide Number of "Worlds" Printed and Sold Wednesday Nov. 7, 1888, Was

580,205.

J. B. McGuffey,
Supt. of Mail and Delivery Dept.
W. H. NEWMAN,
Foreman Press-Room.
Personally appeared before me this 8th day of November, 1888, J. B. McGuffey, Superintendent Mail and Delivery Department, and W. H. Newman, Foreman Press-Room of THE WORLD, who, being sworn, do depose and say that the foregoing statement is true and correct.
JOHN D. AUSTIN,
Commissioner of Deeds.

A Record Never Before Achieved by an American Newspaper.

A LEGALIZED ATROCITY.

Here and now "The Evening World" records its purpose to appeal to the Legislature for the repeal or amendment of that most tyrannous and unjust law that gives certain organized societies an unrestricted authority to rob any parent of his or her child.

That law was commendable in its intentions. It is most atrocious in many of its operations.

"The Evening World" well knows its workings in the famous John Shephard case. Only an extraordinarily persistent effort saved the unfortunate child in that instance.

Judge Lawrence has strongly denounced this tyrannous law from the Bench in another recent case of extreme hardship. His condemnation will be concurred in by fair-minded men everywhere.

It is peculiarly "The Evening World's" task to right this terrible wrong, that has too long been legalized. Confident of the support of the public, it hereby pledges itself to the task.

And "The Evening World" has never failed!

THE BROADWAY HOMICIDE.

The police have not lost time in discovering and arresting the two men who are implicated in the killing of THOMAS F. DUNN on Broadway and Fulton street last Sunday afternoon. Inspector BYRNE has in his custody HARRY W. HORNER and HENRY M. BUCKNER. They admit that they are the parties who became involved in the unfortunate street brawl which cost young DUNN his life.

Of course there was no thought in the mind of HORNER, who struck the fatal blow, of killing or even seriously injuring the deceased. It was a foolish row among young men, and the deceased showed that he considered all the parties equally to blame when he desired the policeman to make no arrests. Yet the law clearly declares the killing homicide in the second degree, the penalty for which is a fine of not more than \$1,000 or imprisonment for a term not less than one year nor more than fifteen years, or both fine and imprisonment.

It will thus be seen that a fine alone is regarded by the law as sufficient punishment for some cases of manslaughter in the second degree. It will be for the Court to decide on the evidence whether in this unfortunate affair—as deplorable for the man who struck the blow as for the deceased—a fine alone will satisfy justice.

THE IVINS CASE.

The jury in the suit brought by Mrs. MARGIE STONE against WILLIAM M. IVINS came into court this morning with a disagreement. The Judge, in summing up the case, instructed the jury that if they found for the plaintiff it must be on the ground that the defendant, IVINS, was guilty of a fraud and felony, otherwise their verdict could not be accepted.

It is fair to conclude that this consideration influenced the jury. Yet it should not have done so. It is certainly unjust to refuse the plaintiff her remedy, provided she is legally entitled to recover, the amount for which she sued, out of a sentimental unwillingness to pronounce a transaction fraudulent if it actually bore that character. A criminal prosecution would not bring her back the money she needs, and her only chance of obtaining her rights, if her claim is a legal and just one, is through a civil suit such as that which has now miscarried.

A disagreement of a jury in such a case is not an additional evidence of the fitness of the defendant to hold the important trust of City Chamberlain, the custodian of the city's money.

Ought not WILLIAM M. IVINS to resign?

WHY NOT PAY UP?

Now, this is too bad. Here is Col. WILLIAM W. DUDLEY, "Floster Dudley," as he is called in Indiana, shirking the debts he has incurred as Treasurer of the Republican

National Committee, and putting in obstructive pleas to defeat the alleged creditors who seek to bring him to time in the courts of the city.

Miss ANNA DICKINSON's suit is one she ought never to have been compelled to bring. She should have been paid without a murmur. Now comes the stereotypical man with an unsatisfied claim of \$187.50 for services on election night, and his suit is met by a plea that Col. DUDLEY is not a resident of this State, but of Indiana.

Considering that Col. DUDLEY is said to have won \$100,000 on HARRISON's election, is this dodging of election liabilities creditable?

A PEACE-LOVING MONARCH.

The young Emperor of Germany made his first speech to the Reichstag yesterday and was greeted with much show of enthusiasm by the delegates. If his declarations are to be believed, his rule will be modelled on the broad, generous principles which his grandfather favored, and his unceasing efforts will be directed towards strengthening the peace of Europe. His alliance with Austria and Italy, he asserts, has no other object.

It will, of course, be gratifying to the other Powers of Europe to find the young Emperor so amicably disposed. But these peaceful professions of European rulers seem to outsiders a trifle inconsistent with their acts. A man who goes into the streets with a couple of revolvers in his belt, a bowie-knife down his back and a club in his hand may be announced that he is anxious to avoid a fight, but to the ordinary wayfarer he appears to adopt a singular method of displaying his anti-belligerent sentiments.

Mayor-elect GRANT denies the story that he is about to take a wife. It is said that he denies it "indignantly," but this we unhesitatingly pronounce false and slanderous. The handsome Mayor-elect would never be "indignant" at any inoffensive rumor involving a lady. If he is not going to be married it is his own fault, and is perhaps only because he is at present wedded to the ambition to give the city of his birth an honest, vigorous, efficient and practically beneficial government.

The Beaver breach of promise case continues to amuse the population of that place and produces some hard swearing. Mr. FAY, who is now being broiled by the lawyers, testifies that he never proposed nor intended to marry the plaintiff. But he seems to have followed her pretty closely nevertheless. Naughty man! If he did not mean matrimony why did he run after the widow?

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Handwritten signature

NOT IN THE WIDOW'S BOND.

The Twenty-third Street Railroad Company, whose driver-conductor John McCormack was killed more than a year ago while in the discharge of his double duty, paid the widow \$250 and took a release of her claim for the death of her husband. The company did not know who had signed a release. The company sued the suit by compelling her before proceeding to file a bond for \$50 security for costs.

She asks for bread—it is not in the bond! She asks a little cheer to smooth her way Till she may rest her in the great beyond Where wrong and death are not "released" for pay! She hearkens with heart that now must needs depend— It is not "in the bond!"

She signed this—"bond" with hand a-tremble For the last pressure of the hand she loved! She signed the bond with heartrending a-thrill With the new grief that never could be old! Justice she asks—the Law she never conned— It is not "in the bond!"

The bells rang merrily—so soon to turn To knells for him who would have been her stay— That morn when he was coldly bid to learn Driver, conductor—all, to be that day, With horses wild, unseated and vagabond— That was not "in the bond!"

The juggernaut rolled on its furious way; The man, who was its victim, watched its gain! No DRIVER who'd another rôle to play Could in that din and press control the reins; A crash, a shiver, the widowed wheels are done— And was THAT "in the bond?" J. B. P.

WORLDLINGS.

The fastest stenographer in this country is probably Isaac S. Dement, of Chicago, who recently took down 1,327 words in five minutes.

A Chicago collector of carriages has two silver half-dollars that are declared to be the identical coins that held down the lids of Abraham Lincoln's eyes the night of his death.

William Black, the novelist, is described as a man of medium height, who gives one the impression that he is capable of great physical endurance. He has short black hair, a thick brown mustache, a dark nose, a firm mouth and a square forehead.

President-elect Harrison's residence in Indianapolis is a neat, unpalatial, square brick dwelling, comfortably but not elaborately furnished, and situated on one of the most pleasant avenues in the city. The interior of the residence is extremely homelike, and here Gen. Harrison lives in a very quiet and modest way.

Consolatory.

(From Judge.)

Under Thomas has been fixed up by the boys during a particularly lethargic sleep and is just about half waked up.

Two Things That Cannot Agree.
A cough and cold and HARRY'S REPUTATION. Insist on having HARRY and you are actively sure of perfect satisfaction. 350 6th ave., near 23d st.

TO SALVINI THE YOUNGER.

ALAN DALE WRITES HIM A PATERNAL COMMUNICATION.

After Reluctantly Deliberating on the Eternal Question of Things He Felt the Necessity of a Careful Analysis of Bergfeld, as He Existed and as He Is Made to Appear—Not Like Daudet Intended Him to Be.

Dear Mr. Salvini:
As you have a father, and an extremely illustrious father at that, in a state of vigorous terrestrial health, you will probably deny the right of anybody else to feel any paternal interest in you. Somebody of note has declared that it is possible to have too many fathers in this world, and it is very far from my intention to discuss that point. At the present time, however, my dear Alexander, your papa is separated from you by the tumultuous and redoubtable Atlantic, so I see nothing of any serious import to prevent my indulging you with just a little paternal admonition.

I should die if I had to strangle all my beautiful fatherly impulses. They well up tempestuously in my bosom, and in their gurgling vehemence demand an exit. Sooner than let my blood be upon your head, I am writing you this letter. Its motive may be misunderstood, but then, you know, motives so frequently suffer in that way that the fact has ceased to be even interesting.

You occupy the important position of leading man in one of the finest stock companies in this city, or in any other city, for the matter of that. To play even minor parts in Mr. A. M. Palmer's Madison Square Theatre organization is something not to be wilfully sneered at, but to assume the rôle of the hero, is the summit of many an actor's ambition.

I have tried religiously to recognize your fitness for this position. I have read twice in the rôle of Bergfeld in "Partners," twice as Lancelotti in "Elaine," and on many other occasions that I cannot call to mind just now, and invariably there was something about your performance, in the cream of good opinion, I was, as the French say, *fraisé*, and I cannot aptly translate the expression.

You may have heard of the unfortunate truth stickler, to whom a fond mother showed her cherished first-born. The wretched man was expected to praise the baby. Willingly he would have done it, but for the stickler, it could not perjure his soul. The child squinted; it had a snub nose; it was as red as a boiled lobster; it looked terribly new-born. He hesitated. He stammered. He blushed. At last an inspiration seized him. Gazing eagerly up at the mother, he exclaimed, "Madame, that child, believe me, will have glorious teeth." And Mr. Salvini, after viewing your performance in "Partners," all I could say in your favor was that your make-up was excellent.

You are called upon to play the part of a German business man in a comedy, and the people. The outward ceremonies of society are comparatively unknown to him; he rebels at the swallow-tail coat and cannot understand the social etiquette of the rather exaggerated butler. But he has a heart of gold; all his instincts are those of an inoffensive gentleman, and it would be impossible for him to enter any community and remain there long without making friends. He is the soul of honor, and even at times faintly Quixotic. That is the character portrayed by Daudet in his novel, "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné," and placed in the play "Partners," by Buchanan.

In your Bergfeld we see a roving, ranting individual, who bellows forth his rough-diamonds in just the same way that the rough-diamonds of his humor. There is hardly a trace of delicacy in anything he says or does, and he says or does it all with such intense and remain there long without making friends. He is the soul of honor, and even at times faintly Quixotic. That is the character portrayed by Daudet in his novel, "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné," and placed in the play "Partners," by Buchanan.

Now a German business man, the senior partner of a reputable banking establishment, need not suggest a German sausage-maker, nor German beer dispenser. It is quite possible to show the rough-diamonds of a delicate manner without divesting it of one atom of its effectiveness. I distinctly say that no German business man of Bergfeld's type can be so effectively disguised as impersonation. Mr. Salvini, Bergfeld has a charming wife. He has had her for some time before the play opens. Surely her remaining presence would lead down that "voice dress" and abolished the inane chuckle with which you punctuate nearly every speech.

Have you ever met a German business man? I am afraid you have not had the pleasure. While it is quite possible to find one that is slightly uncouth, you would have to search for a long time before you discovered a person so effectively disguised as impersonation. Mr. Salvini, Bergfeld has a charming wife. He has had her for some time before the play opens. Surely her remaining presence would lead down that "voice dress" and abolished the inane chuckle with which you punctuate nearly every speech.

I presume that Mr. Palmer has had his chairs strengthened and his sofas fortified, or they would never stand the strain you put upon them when you throw down the gauntlet to all who would dare to say that I am all so absolutely uncouth for a role as I may as well air my Italian! That there is no reason on earth why you should waste your energies in this manner. Of course, some people are endowed with a superfluous vivacity; but they have no right to inflict it upon their neighbors. Let them go to their barns and chop wood. Then, when they have tried themselves out, they can join their families and behave respectably.

Somebody said to me yesterday: "Salvini's Bergfeld would be great at the Metropolitan Opera-House." It is a pity that your voice might sound less bull-like. That I admit. It would be no praise even to concede that you would be great at the Metropolitan Opera-House. I mean to say that your success in the rôle of Bergfeld is a success to the Metropolitan Opera-House. I mean to say that your success in the rôle of Bergfeld is a success to the Metropolitan Opera-House.

But enough of Bergfeld. While your Lancelotti in "Elaine" was a far better performance it was a part that you naturally could not understand, and consequently could not impersonate. Any way the idea of a Lancelotti with a Latin accent is absurd. Perhaps you did as much with that rôle as could have been reasonably expected, though of course I cannot on that account say I liked you in it. I saw you a long time ago in Rossini's "The Barber of Seville." I think you played it very well. I think you played it very well. I think you played it very well.

And you have talent, my dear Alexander, that no manager can afford to despise. You make one of the best French or Italian villains on the stage. I would strongly recommend you never to play other than the stage villain is a character that has been grievously abused in this day. That it can be elevated to the rank of high artistic value is evident to anybody who saw your admirable

performance in "The Barber of Seville." I think you played it very well. I think you played it very well. I think you played it very well.

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work in "Jim the Penman." The days of the spike-mustache, leering and mouthing villain have gone by. People are beginning to realize—as the world grows more wicked—that villains are real every-day people, that they can and do live without twisting their mustaches, and that some of them, with the subtlety of Machiavelli, combine the courtliness and grace of Louis XV.

I believe that the stage villain has a future. The villain in "The Penman," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, was marvellously well done. So was the corresponding part in "Lord Chumley," at the Lyceum. Why should an actor play the rôle of a villain in reality a tribute to his art? And yet he does.

If only the members of your profession, Mr. Salvini would make some effort to recover for what they were best fitted, and not what they most wanted, what heartaches would be avoided! I have never yet met a time-honored lady who didn't think she could play an intricate rôle, or a superannuated gentleman who didn't despise the "character old man."

He is a villain, Salvini, and I believe you will be happy to know this is in direct connection to the virtue theory, but in your case, my dear fellow, virtue will, I am convinced, step gracefully aside. Ask your papa what he thinks of it. He will come over, with his goodness sake, old man, don't let him see any of your heroics. He happens to know too much about that kind of acting himself.

ALAN DALE.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

"The Midnight Bell" is to be an interesting thing of the sort.

The production of "A Midnight Bell" at the Bijou Theatre, in the Spring, will be interesting, inasmuch as it is said to be Charles H. Hoy's first attempt to get away from his usual farce-comedy material, with the exception, perhaps, of the opera, "The Maid and the Moonshiner," which he wrote and which Teddy Solomon "composed."

This opera was given at the Standard Theatre two Augusts ago. "A Midnight Bell" has been produced at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco last winter, where it met with success. It is said to be in the Deanna Thompson "Old Homestead" style of architecture. This style of work is hardly necessary to say, is being followed very closely, in consequence of its success, by other parties. Neil Burgess's proposed production at the new theatre which is being built in Twenty-third street, is also said to be in the same pastoral lines.

At the end of last week a company headed by Luke Martin was organized to play "The Leprechaun" through the country. It opened in Richmond, Va., Monday night. Yesterday its members were back in the city. It is said that this is not due to any fault in the show, but to financial calamity. The company did not walk back from Richmond.

The definite announcement that "The Undercurrent" will be withdrawn from the New York Theatre, to be replaced by "The Two Sisters," was no surprise to town. Several people were fighting for the time.

The first city in which "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be produced, after New York, will be San Francisco, at the Baldwin Theatre.

Somebody asked Graves, the comedian, what the receipts were for his opening night in Jersey City. He said \$700. The question was put to him by a friend who said, "Mann immediately posted up a call for rehearsal. He said that his comedians must, at any rate, work harmoniously together."

After all it is quite likely that Charles Wyndham will come to this city next season. Mr. Moore, who is Mr. Wyndham's representative in America, and who has been travelling in the West for his health, has received instructions from Mr. Wyndham to report in New York at once and look after his interests as far as booking a tour was concerned.

C. N. Gardiner says that Clay M. Greene is making changes in his version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and that the name will probably be changed, as it is possible to be too Uncle Tommy nowadays. "The Voodoo Queen" has been mentioned as a title, and Mr. Greene, in case it is decided thus, will make that part more conspicuous than it is at present.

Gardiner says he has a "Southern society lady" playing in "Fate." Her name is Miss Lee Lamas, the Lee being paternal, the Lamas maternal. Lucky Gardiner!

A special matinee for the children of the public schools will be given at Dockstader's to-morrow afternoon. "Teacher, teacher!" and Harry Kennedy's life-sized automaton will be worked for all the localisms and linguistic oddities which a ventriloquist can devise for the hilarity of the school children.

Little Walter Perkins, who is playing with "The Actors' Company," at "The Actors' Club," had a sad experience. His father and mother went to Hartford with him the other day, to see him play there. Before reaching home his mother died from pneumonia. Mr. Perkins had to play while she was dying. "What a hard profession this is," he writes, "when sickness and the death of loved ones have to be borne in such a way, and all our grief covered up. Our business manager played my part on Saturday. I can't tell you what a mockery it seems to play at such a time."

Dogs and Table-Covers Seek an Owner.
An owner is wanted at the Thirty-seventh street police station for two dogs, two table-covers, a child's cloak, a pair of gloves and a pair of shoes, supposed to have been stolen.

Answers to Correspondents.
S. M. Fuller.—Marion Corbello is still with the McCaull Opera Company.
P. A. Purinton.—President Cleveland's vote in New York City was 16,738.
E. K. J. A.—The steamship City of New York never belonged to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
I. G.—A history of the United States or the books in the "American Statesman" series.
Burns.—The Vice-President of a club has, we think, a modest and generally respectful title while he is Acting President.
A. F. H.—You cannot be disappointed except by judgment of the Court and the proceedings to this end will take at least three days.
Wagner No. 1.—Joe B. Ehrhardt came second in the recent Mayoralty contest, the vote being: Grant, 114,701; Ehrhardt, 73,087; Hewitt, 71,979; Cogan, 9,809; Jones, 8,665.
Frank Nickerson.—The Nineteenth Ward is a very interesting place. It is a very interesting place. It is a very interesting place.

THE ALSTON CO., 81 High Street, Boston.
Send two-cent stamp for sample.

A LITTLE PITH AND POINT.

AUTUMN MUSING OF THE CORPS OF FUNNY MEN.

Variety the spice of Life.
(From *Ed's*.)



Wife—Now, John Smith, what on earth did you buy that chattering parrot for?
Hubbard (absently)—Oh! For a change I suppose.

Luciano.
(From *Ed's*.)
Tom Higbee—I say, Upson, what would you do if you had a million dollars?
Upson Downes—Nothing.

A Foregone Conclusion.
(From *Ed's*.)
The suit against Briggs Swift, one of the Cincinnati Fidelity wreckers, was suddenly terminated yesterday and settled. "We might have known Swift would get away."

Had Been Done.
(From *Ed's*.)
Smith (to milkman)—I'll have to ask you to chalk it up. Milkman (abstractedly)—Oh, that's all been attended to—oh—oh—beg your pardon; certainly, take your own time.

But It Doesn't Do to Pick Them.
(From *Ed's*.)
"George, dear, what kind of fruit is borne by an electric light plant?" "Electric currents, of course."

A Chronic Offender.
(From *Ed's*.)
"I hear," said Wiggins, "that Scroggs isn't getting along very well with his third wife."
"Serves him right!" growled old Backe; "any man who continually repeats the same offense deserves severe punishment!"

Fit and New.
(From *Ed's*.)
"I'm somewhat astonished," remarked Higbee, as he looked around the room, "to find that so great a bookworm as you should possess so small a library."
"Ah, my boy," returned the other, "it takes a great deal of reading to find out what isn't worth keeping."

Business Is Business.
(From *Ed's*.)
Party in a hurry—Are you Mr. Corbin? Railroad President—Yes, sir. Party in a hurry—Read that Railroad President (reads)—"The British royal yacht Victoria and Albert will arrive at Flushing on Nov. 12 to convey Empress Frederick to England." Well? Party in a hurry—What? You give me an excursion ticket if I get up parties to come up from Glen Cove, Sea Cliff and Bayville to see the old lady off?

A Chicago Mystery.
(From *Ed's*.)
"Are you going into the Browning Club business as steep this winter as you did last, Kate?" asked Miss Chicago of her friend Miss M. Louie.
"Not by a long shot," replied Miss Kate emphatically. "A reaction has struck our Browning Club, as I knew it would. We've voted to choose Browning and have some of our good, old-fashioned fellows and fellows and fellows and fellows parties this winter. How we ever got drawn into that Browning snap is a mystery to me, anyhow."

Advice to Housekeepers.
(From *Ed's*.)
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—We sympathize with your troubles, and trust that attention to the following hints will soon wear Charlie from his restaurant dinner:
Don't ever try to bake your bacon. Names are despised.
Remove the shells from your hard-boiled eggs after they are cooked. If this is done before putting them in the water the result is not encouraging.
When you get a baker's pie always ask for a can-opener with it. It is never taken out of the can.
Canned soup is excellent—it never takes out of the can.

Depression
Of Mind.

Of all the diseases of the nervous system which afflict humanity, none is more distressing or causes more misery than depression and depression of the mind. The sufferer is in greater torture than one who suffers from bodily pain; it is an anguish of the mind, a weighing pressure, a sense of anxiety and gloom. With this kind of feeling there is often nervousness or irritability with restlessness and watchful nights, and the person feels dull, dispirited, weak, tired, nervous or exhausted.

All this is caused by an exhausted condition of nerve force and power, and can be perfectly cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is for sale by all druggists at \$1 per bottle. It is nature's true nerve restorative. Try it, nervous sufferer, and you will be surprised at its wonderful effect.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic Contains no injurious drugs whatever, but is guaranteed purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It cures all nervous and chronic diseases, and is the only remedy that tells you otherwise, he deceives you simply to make you buy his own preparation.

Dr. Greene, its discoverer, is the well-known specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, and is consulted free of charge at his office, 50 West 14th st., New York, personally or by letter.

AFTER GREAT CARE IN COLLECTING FINE CUSTOM TAILORS' MISFITS AND UNCALLED FOR CLOTHING, WE OFFER NAME AT ONE-HALF THE VALUE OF THE CLOTH.

5,000 OVERCOATS,
ALL FABRIC, FROM \$5; WORTH \$20.

1,000 SUITS
IMP. CAMBRIERE AND WORSTED, FROM \$4.00; WORTH \$16.00.

5,000 PANTS, from 75c. up.
1,000 Single VESTS, from 75c. up.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

MISFIT CLOTHING PARLOR,
NOS. 1 AND 3 PRINCE ST., NEAR BOWERY.

STARTLING.

THE

London and Liverpool Clothing Co.,

86 and 88 BOWERY,

WILL BE COMPELLED TO CLOSE

IN A VERY FEW DAYS

on account of rebuilding our present store.

OUR STOCK MUST GO.

THE PRICES WE QUOTE BELOW

Would not pay for the labor of making, say nothing of the material.

1,600 Chinchilla Overcoats, reduced from \$15.00 to \$5.50.
2,000 Whitney Overcoats, reduced from \$16.00 to \$5.50.
1,100 Chinchilla Overcoats, reduced from \$20.00 to \$7.50.
600 Chinchilla Overcoats, reduced from \$25.00 to \$9.60.
850 Kersey Overcoats, reduced from \$28.00 to \$11.80.

EVERY GARMENT TAILOR-MADE,
and of our own manufacture.

LONDON & LIVERPOOL

Will also sacrifice their entire

BOYS' CLOTHING STOCK

at such prices as must interest every parent in NEW YORK. JUST FANCY:

\$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00 Overcoats at \$1.90, \$2.90 and \$3.85.

Such prices would not half pay for the material.

LONDON & LIVERPOOL

will sell fine imported Merino Underwear at 25 cents on the dollar.

Men's Scarlet Undershirts, medicated, 59c. and 88c.

Thousands of elegant Silk and Satin Scarfs at 20c.

We have only a few more of these elegant Silk Embroidered Suspender, silver buckles and solid silk ends, cost from \$1.00 to \$1.50 to make;

39c. IS OUR PRICE.

HATS! HATS! HATS! HATS!